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## WIGELIA :

*An Ode to M. W. C.*

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

Thou fairy bush, of new delight,  
 Rose-realm of blossom, Paradisean sight !  
 Oh, trivial looks the pen that flaunts of thee,—  
 Shrub in thy lineage splendor than tree.

And must I shed my praise  
 In this loose—halting verse, delinquent, small?—  
 Call thee vile names, and faintly hope to raise  
 Thy splendors, to thee all?

Wigelia ! breath of June,—  
 The murmuring honey-bees,  
 Dance on the red-and-white of thy bloom-seas,  
 Child of some muse at ease,—  
 Bouquet of radiance, Japan flings alone.

And well I love the gray Bohemian tree,  
 An olive-fount of spicery,  
 So subtly wafts its orange thro' the air,  
 Floating like scents Floridian everywhere  
 Bathing time's Plymouth avenues of bliss,  
 Like love's soft stolen kiss.

And thou, Forsythia ! sparkling like the fall,  
 Of sunshine conqueror, heaven's pure light,—  
 I cannot banish thee, thou flam'st so bright  
 In thy Plutonian sculpture ;—thou wilt come  
 In cooler hours, when he who has,—goes home !

And let the Purple Beech this merit share,  
 Or Copper, rustling on the summer air,  
 Pride of the vase ; and we, our White Fringe love  
 But sweet Wigelia ! thou art throned above  
 Thy lesser subjects,—for thou liv'st so brave,  
 And mayst set forth the abundance that we crave.

That tender heart! that deep, yet pleasing soul,  
 A touch of trimness which these flowers recall,  
 Who, to the many—much, to me—the all  
 Of my dark, fading hope on life's dim night,  
 Pour for her, suave Wigelia, thy control!

Put forth some Alpine pinks, some Provence rose,  
 Or China's peony, or most that blows,  
 Effective tints all lavishly induced,  
 Still shall my rich Wigelia not abused,  
 Meet more approval by the twifold grace,  
 That shines in her expressive, tender face.  
 Now,—as the kiss of June flits lightly past,  
 Her cheek of *rose* uplifting fast,  
 Then,—as the varying sea-breath, tones the air  
 With ocean transports, that her green waves bear  
 In amaranth salines on the burning shore,  
 Sparkling with kelp and bubbling mosses bright,  
 My fond Wigelia turns her Parian *white*,  
 Her cheek of *snow*, transparent with delight!  
 I know your *wilding* sprouts seem well to see;  
 'Tis Culture, graves its *signet*, on the tree!

That day in Paradise, when Eve mused straying,  
 As on the lawns the lord of day was Maying,  
 Stealing the new-fledged odor all alone  
 (Young Adam sleepy on old nature's throne),  
 Rose-white on plots of green,  
 Was dear Wigelia floating seen.  
 Nothing so tempting in fate's orchard grew,  
 Save Eve's pure vermeil cheek and snowy hue.

Nothing in form, or colors, coinage told,  
 Could there with thee presume. The high born snake,  
 Pinching his dust, if set in gold,  
 (Albeit a dreadful rake),  
 Asked our grand mother to the courtly walk,  
 Where sweet Wigelia blushed, and there held talk.

It was too mean so to have tempted her!  
 And yet perchance, thou wert the Apple famed?

Nor should that learned asp be wisely blamed,  
 Who with thy charm sweetly could minister ;  
 And if, O saint ! the race *has* sinned thro' thee,  
 Wigelia !—the compliment's a flattery !

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## THE TRUE AND THE FALSE IN DARWINISM.

### *A Critical Representation of the Theory of Organic Development.*

By Edward von Hartmann; Berlin, 1875. Translated from the German by H. I. D'ARCY.

[The Ideal and the Genealogical Relationship of Types, Continued]

When minerals, which crystallize according to the monoclinic or triclinic system, are spoken of, no one doubts that each crystal obeys in its formation the laws that inhere in it, and yet no one dreams of a real genealogical development. But when the animals of the radial and bilateral type are spoken of, a search is, at once, made for intermediate forms, which are regarded, not only as members of an ideal group, but as genealogical links, connecting one morphological type with another. And as, of course, there cannot be direct evidence of an actual transition from one form to another, we are cautioned as to our explanation of intermediate forms which actually exist, by a glance at the analogy presented by minerals ; and this caution is just as operative when we are convinced of the general truth of the theory of descent. Again, the readiness with which such a transition might occur among such intermediate forms does not strengthen the argument ; because if this were sufficient evidence of actual descent, we should be forced to maintain that the hyperbola is produced by the parabola, the parabola by the ellipse, and the ellipse by the circle or the straight line. The abundance of forms that closely resemble each other may be fairly regarded as the diversified working of one deeply seated universal cause, as well as an evidence of the actual development of one from the other, and both views are equally sound whether the process takes place in space or in space and time. Thus the goldfish, for instance, varies a deep yellow color with every possible mixture of black,